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By GELETT BURGESS

Author of "Vivette," "A Little Sister of Destiny," &c.

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CHAPTER I.

a throbbing ache in the top of my head.

I realized that I was in bed, and the first strangeness of it struck me. I could not account for it. The wild, spicy odor of flowers came to me, adding to my istic quality came more from delicate perplexity. Then I opened my eyes.

The place was so dimly lighted that for some seconds my sluggish wits were water.

With her first word she smiled and anable to interpret the blotches of shadow some of the melancholy escaped from her and the vague glimmering spots. These, eyes. however, gradually resolved themselves kept house. I heard, now, the steady, deliberate ticking of a clock a little way off, and somewhere below was a small grinding sound, so low as to be almost a mere vibration, like a coffee mill in here?"

"Twenty-four hours. You have been a grinding sound."

"Twenty-four hours. You have been a grinding sound."

"Twenty-four hours." kept house. I heard, now, the steady, ill.

atched softly. I moved and attempted to sit up, but tor said there was no danger. a sharp stab in my side warned me that

for my lapse of consciousness. mystery, much as one might descend a dark, unlighted stairway, I came upon the last fact that had been recorded by my brain. I had been putting on speed—the road through the woods was straight. opped off to sleep again, for when I company." next opened my eyes there was a flickerng ray of light in the room. This time
was keenly alert mentally, desirous of
She smiled again, faintly but with

lows that danced up and down. Some so for a few moments I saw nobody.

In those seconds the room was illuminated gradually more and more, showing a white-painted wainscot with a dull green wall above, where a few Japanese prints hung. Opposite my bed was a window with small, old-fashioned panes; there was another beside me. The rays there was another beside me. The rays hand and looked at me, she added: "Your band and looked at me, she added to she address and the message and I'll send it over to the telegraph office at the Harbor, or I can be printed to she address and the message and I'll send it over to the telegraph office at the Harbor, or I can be printed to she address and the message and I'll send it over to the telegraph office at the Harbor, or I can be printed to she address and the message and I'll send it over to the telegraph office at the Harbor, or I can be printed to she address and the message and I'll send it over to the telegraph office at the Harbor, or I can be printed to she address and I'll send it over to the telegraph office at the Harbor, or I can be printed to she address and I'll send it over to the telegraph office at the Harbor, or I can be printed to she address and I'll send it over to the telegraph office at the Harbor, or I can be printed to she address and I'll send it over to the telegraph office at the Harbor, or I can be printed to she address and I'll send it over to the telegraph office at the Harbor, or I can be printed to she address and I'll send it ove MONDAY MAT. Play, 1910

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Plasion Play, 1910

the shadows grew steadler on the wall, and, as I gazed eagerly for a first glimpse of my visitor, a young woman, bearing a silver candlestick, came into the room. She looked immediately over to where head.

and calm, but intensely attentive, fas-cinated. "Oh. I must take your message! onscious of so curious a sentiment that pause that had fallen Nov. 24, Thanksgiving Night. 8 o'Clock. Address by Hon. JAMES F. SMITH. Entertainment by the Orphans. Refreshments. Dancing. Music by Prof. Fersinger's Orchestra. Tickets, 50c. compelling desire to prolong the mystery of her presence rather than to have it her first word, to hold her back from any definite explanation till my eyes had had their fill of her—till they had, so to speak, solved her equation—till my wonder had spent itself in the vision, exhausting all its possibilities of delight. Her charm was, in its unexpectedness, so alluring the spend was, in its unexpectedness, so alluring the spend was a law of th

thich one lingers with and detains. ing high-bred curve over her low brow. me, but it seemed to me then that it All this gave her a tender, virginal as- was not merely the passivity of my pect; but her soft, deep brown eyes were physical state; it was an epicurean joy so saddened by warm shadows below the I took in tasting my impressions drop by lids, her mouth was so tremulously sen- drop. sitive, with its slightly parted lips, and to write her history so suggestively upor

She was clad in a bewilderingly femi-nine peignoir of lace and embroidery, pen at the neck, and covered with an other long, straightly hanging garment of shimmering pale-green silk, richly decorated with odd patterns. This gave her to my wondering eyes quite the apvaist, there hung a golden star.

extraordinary sympathy, almost with lamb chops.

prescience, to feel something of my won
prescience, to feel something of my won-

within its unmeasurable limits, as potent, head?" I began. tion of its mysterious charm. It was that but no doubt I got it all fixed up."

most suggestive of preludes, an instinctive, conscious pause upon the magic fused, but she replied, "Oh, it must have sition. It was a case of spiritual noblesse in the room next to mine, and Miss Fielding across the hall, farther off. There quality also overpowered me. The minute maid; or, perhaps, rather more my com- so tactful, I was myself put unconscious-

glory we seemed to travel miles together. I came to myself with a disturbing sense that something was wrong with me. My discomfort, increasing steadily, pressively modulated that I have, despite myself to contact the state of the resolved itself into two distinct factorsresolved itself into two distinct factors—
a pain in my side at every breath and poised and hovered as if on the wing.

With her first word she smiled, and

nuances of feeling than from any vibrant

"Oh, you are better now! I'm so glad!" into comprehensible forms. I perceived that I was in a strange room, large and bound us was broken, and the episode bethat I was in a strange room, large and alry; for even in the obscurity I got a feeling of free, clean space, and of that chaste emptiness which is apt to distinguish the guest chamber of a well-light the guest

operation. Near by, a door closed and little delirious, you know. I was getting quite anxious about you, though the doc-She came nearer, and put her small my hurt was, perhaps, more serious than beautiful hand upon my cheek. I noticed I had thought. There was a lump on that she wore no rings. The touch of her my head, too, which probably accounted fingers was soft and cool. "I'm glad your fever has gone," she

for my lapse of consciousness.

Setting my memory painfully to work, groping back through the darkness of my mind for something to explain the seemed to be splitting. But I was so

the road through the woods was straight, bile," she said, "and you were pretty level, and deserted—hoping to get up badly shaken up. There was a rib broken. to town early in the afternoon. The and a slight concussion of the brain, steering gear of my motor car had given believe, but nothing serious. You'll have way. I had felt the wheels suddenly veer, then, before I put on my brake, the front of the car went down and the rear was thrown up and over with the momentum, sending me fiving through the air. um, sending me fiying through the air.
I wondered, lazily, how much the mahine had suffered. Then I must have

ne explanation of my situation. Where quick appreciation, and took a seat it an armchair which stood beside my bed was I, and who had cared for me?

The light grew brighter, still wavering.

I caught a glimpse of a green silk stock slanting across the wall where it rocked ing and an exquisitely small foot in and shifted, casting long, distorted shaows that danced up and down. Some in was evidently coming upstairs with cause we have, of course, no idea who a light. The door was hidden by a pro-lecting angle of the wall, however, and so for a few moments I saw nobody.

So, if there is any one we can notify

there was another beside me. The rays glinted on the polished sides of several pieces of old mahogany furniture and flared yellow on brass candlesticks and needn't worry about that. Uncle Jerdon on the gilded frame of an eagle mirror. hauled it into the stable, and it can stay finally the glare stopped its undulating, there until you have a chance to have it

"You were good to take me in and to

I lay, and then, catching my surprised stare, her expression changed wonderfully from a rather pathetic abstraction to an animated interest. With something managed to escape with your life." not quite a smile on her face she walked "I didn't deserve to escape. I was run-nearer my bed, and stood for a moment ning considerably over the speed limit without speaking, still looking at me. I imagine. I wanted to get back to town Her attitude hinted that she saw in me early." How much rather would I have How much rather would I have something—as if, for instance, it were a discussed the queer little corners of her sort of picturesqueness which was unexpected enough to appeal to her imagina-tion. She rested for a moment, poised bone that spiritualized her whole expres-

And I, at the same time, was instantly exclaimed, a little embarrassed by the must stop to attempt to describe it.

I conceived myself to be a connoisseur secretary, bringing back a pad of paper in women, and I estimated her at first sight as one unique, even extraordinary. But though to my mind she was indubitable heaviting it may be a connoisseur contain, bringing back a pad of paper and a pencil. Reseating herself, she waited for me to dictate. I thought a while and then gave her a short really heaviting it may be a connoisseur contains the part of the contains the part of the contains the con

ably beautiful, it was not her beauty port of my condition to be sent to my that for the moment thrilled me. It was chiefly her "newness," the very novelty of her visitation. I felt a sudden, compelling desire to prolong the mystery left than my pain returned. For the explained. I tried, mentally, to delay filled me with a restful peace. I didn't

was, in its unexpectedness, so alluring several days in her society, or at least that she was like a pleasant dream near her, was as pleasant at thought as which one lingers with and detains.

I could well imagine. The fruit of our moment was a mystery, rich and frashe was shall, but her head was so moment was a mystery, rich and fraexquisitely proportioned to her body that grant, which I wished only not to destroy. I found myself trying, in her her young, though she was twenty-seven, absence, to recall each feature of her for her graceful figure and pose were still face, her poses, and her hands so keenly girlishly maintained. The shape of her alive and full of graceful gesture. That small head was defined by a quaint coiffure, the dark, fine hair being banded in her name, her situation, her history-an encircling plait up past her tiny ears came, perhaps, from the state of bodily and over, like a coronal, showing a sweep- weakness in which my accident had left

Meanwhile, as I thought it all over, the little lines that women fear had begun my eyes wandered over that part of the to write her history so suggestively upon room visible in the candle light, from her face, that, as I gazed at her, I saw the four-posted bed in which I lay, and woman who had lived and suffered, a almost unconsciously I noted the many woman as intense as she was delicate in evidences of taste and wealth. The furniture was all of antique style, un-

The Japanese prints were the only first glance, I was still more surprised to pictures visible that I could see. They see that she was of a kind one seldom seemed like Utamaro's and Hiroshige's sees, the best type, in fact, of Northern mostly, though near by were a couple of negro. As she approached us she had Yoshitora's and Toyokuni's brilliant act- the bearing of a woman of great refineher to my wondering eyes quite the appearance of a medieval princess, or the heroine of some old fairy tale. The impression was intensified by the long chain she wore, set with fire opals which flashed in the candle light. From it, below her waist, there hung a golden star.

It is bearing of a wonder of great refinement and a face which, though uncompromisingly dark, showed an extraordinary mental if not moral caste. Her skin was a warm brown, something of the color of a Samoan, though more reddish than mulatto in tinge. And, strangest of all, most provocative with a tray of toast and tea, a jar of She came back after about ten minutes to my fancy, she also appeared, with bar le duc, and the most appetizing of

der as she paused and stood silent, re-tarding her greeting, in answer to my unspoken thought. While our eyes held

As I assented most heartily, she leaned each other in that marvelous communion, over and propped the pillows up behind

she did not smile; it was rather from her my back, and then set the silver salver quivering mouth that I got the idea that before me on the spread. Drawing up she, too, was touched by the spell, and was keenly alive to the potentiality of the situation. She seemed to hold her breath lest the wouder should pass too the structure of the situation. She seemed to hold her breath lest the wouder should pass too the structure of the situation. She seemed to hold her breath lest the wouder should pass too the structure of t she, too, was touched by the spell, and her chair, she sat down near enough to That moment was as sublimely unreal turally, curling like an acanthus leaf. as anything I have ever known, and, "You say that I have been out of my

the psychological moment that comes but curious. Somehow, though, it seems to "mammy" for her charge, I felt immediately one of those quick reactions one though never at the same time, I think—sometimes has with servants, or with until quite late, when the two women usually hurried past without apprecia- though never at the same time, I think-

Can

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STRAYER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

Ninth and F Streets N. W.

Old Masonic Temple

Novelties in Washington's Smart Shops

By DOROTHY AVERY HOWARD

Some beautiful colorings are shown in the new willow baskets which have just arrived at the store of an art dealer in F street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth. They now reflect the silvery gray and green shades of the forest in new designs, which are unique and graceful in shape. They may be used in various ways as jardinieres, trays, flat centerpieces for fruits or flowers, or merely as odd and artistic ornaments illustrative of the craftsman's skill. They are liked as gifts, because they are different from the usual kind, and are within the reach of the average purse.

The scarfs of this season seem to be of every kind under the sun. They are marvelously beautiful, some of them, and give a very chic note to a simple costume. I saw such an effective set, which included a muff with the scarf, yesterday in the window of a shop in F street, near Eleventh street, where the most modish styles in everything are shown. It was of white crepe de chine, shirred with in-numerable small headings at intervals, forming stripes of graduated widths. Both the shoulder scarf and the muff were edged with white marahow feathers, making an exquisite set for wear at the theater, or for other dressy occasions. I thought when I saw it that a clever woman could make a set like it at much less cost than it could be bought.

It is wonderful how many lunchrooms flourish in the shopping district here. Some are anything but satisfactory to the woman of dainty appetite, who wants just a bite at the noon hour, but must have that bite In my rounds of the different places to lunch I have found

that one in F street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth, where candies and pastries are made, is satisfactory to many others besides myself. Here one sits upon a high stool, it is true, and there is no attempt at elaborate service, because the place is crowded during the luncheon hour and time and space both count. But the sandwich which one gets for a dime-of tongue, ham, or beef-is delicious, and for 5 cents more a cup of good coffee is served, with cream. Tr one is not limited in price to 15 cents, chicken or chicken salad fillings may be ordered, or olive sandwiches for 20 cents, and hard-boiled egg sandwiches for 15 cents. Then all kinds of dainty pastry delicacies may be had for dessert from 5 cents an order up. Everything is good, and one feels that it is clean as well. A decidedly novel thing is the basket

of imported wicker, lined with crimson satin and decorated with ribbons and holly berries, shown by a confectioner in Fourteenth street, between F and G streets. It has a music box concealed in it, which plays a pretty tune when wound up with the same key which locks it. It makes beautiful holiday gift when filled with the fine caramels or bonbons sold by this firm. Another new gift basket shade, with shaded pink ribbons and poppies on the top; it is in the shape of a leaf with a stem, and very odd.

One of the handsomest fur coats I have seen this season is of mink, with a beautifully marked border around the bottom, and lined with exquisite brocaded satin strewn with nosegays. This may be seen on the first floor of a shop noted for its exclusive feminine garments, millinery, neckwear, furs,

&c., which is located in F street, near Thirteenth street. Its price is \$1,400.

An opportunity to buy a pretty kimono at a special price is offered by a firm located temporarily in Thir-Some beauties are shown in 'serpentine crepes, fancy silks, floral-bordered satins, and figured mannelettes. special bargain is one of the last named material, stamped in a butterfly design, and trimmed with bands of sateen to match the main color which has been reduced to 98 cents. Several different colors are shown at

In a little shop in G street, near Thirteenth, the woman who needs a particular kind of corset may find it or have it ordered by an experienced corsetiere. The singer who wishes to present a good appearance, yet needs plenty of room to breathe, will find comfort in the corset which has bands of rubber let in both sides that give as she takes a breath. A corset made especially for the woman whose abdomen is high has

a girdle which is attached at the sides and holds it in, clasping together before the corset is fastened. Both of these corsets are La Grecque models— a make that can be guaranteed to fit perfectly and hold its shape. regular styles are boned with aluminum, and will bend double without breaking, some of them having the material doubled from the waist down so as to insure the retention of good lines. If you are in doubt as to the right corset to suit your figure, have a talk with the proprietor of this little shop, who has been fitting corsets since before G street became a shopping center, when she had her patrons visit her at her private residence on

panion. You must see her. I think she's ly upon my best behavior. I could not voice, deep and rich, Miss Fielding's wonderful. I wonder if you will?" She forget this in any look or any word I rising several notes above, always with made the last remark under her breath, gave her. I was constantly watching myas if she spoke to herself rather than self lest I, a guest, a man of a dominant race, should, in consideration and I heard nothing more, except, somewhere

voices prettily, that I was delighted to seemed to enforce.

This, I found afterward, was the result of a remote crossing with American Indian blood; it was just enough to enrich the color, and to keep down some negroid fullness of the lips and modify the crispness of her curling hair. Leah might, indeed, be considered beautiful; what could not, at least, be denied, was the impression of character which was stamped upon her. It was patent in her face, her carriage, and her patent in her face, her carriage, and her with a summer. Well I hope to the summer with a summer with the summer with the summer.

other persons whom social customs have came upstairs to retire. By their voices relegated to a conventionally inferior po-

She went to the door and called, in delicacy, fall behind this servant, this below, a heavy, rhythmic sno 'Leah!" So few persons can raise their negress. It was a curious delicacy she I assumed came from Uncle Jerdon's

doubtedly genuine specimens of the best designs of the later colonial period.

my hostess had said, perhaps as a test tions, speaking in a rich contralto voice, and went out. That was all. But in those few moments she had transcent of the parameter of the best doubtedly genuine specimens of the best of my sensibility, to see that the maid and went out. That was all. But in those few moments she had transcent of the parameter of the perhaps as a test tions, speaking in a rich contralto voice, and went out. That was all. But in those few moments she had transcent of the perhaps as a test tions, speaking in a rich contralto voice, and went out. That was all of any perhaps as a test tions, speaking in a rich contralto voice, and went out. That was all of any perhaps as a test tions, speaking in a rich contralto voice, and the perhaps are the perhaps as a test tions, speaking in a rich contralto voice, and the perhaps are the perhaps as a test tions, speaking in a rich contralto voice, and the perhaps are the perhaps are the perhaps as a test tions, speaking in a rich contralto voice, and the perhaps are t ment in watching, silently, on, that gave my companion the idea that ferred that I wished to be left alone, and, rising, she took the tray from my lap and set it down while she readjusted my pillows. Then, removing a little silver Nuremberg bell, she took up

the tray again, and rose to leave me.
"I'll leave the bell here at the head of your bed, Mr. Castle," she said (she had learned my name, of course, when she took my message), "and Leah will be glad to do anything for you that you As she turned she looked back, smiling.

"Oh, I haven't told you my own name yet have I? I'm Miss Fielding-Joy That moment was as sublimely unreal as anything I have ever known, and, within its unmeasurable ilmits, as potent. It was tense, instinct with fine, secret emotions too faint for analysis. Messages came and went, electric. It was, in short, the psychological moment that comes but the psychological moment that the p

voices prettily, that I was delighted to hear it sound as musical as when she spoke to me. As she returned, the light shone on her soft-flowing, silken gown, making it look like frosted sliver. In a few moments Leah entered the room, bearing a lighted lamp.

I was surprised, I confess, after what my hostess had said, perhaps as a test of my sensibility, to see that the maid of the seemed to enforce.

I can give this effect of Leah upon me, but it is not so easy to describe the cause. She effaced herself, she kept her place rarely. But with all this, she radiate—she had a potent personality. She put down the lamp, she straightened the covers of my bed, answered a few questions, speaking in a rich contralto voice, and went out. That was all. But in those else but Joy Fielding Loy Fielding Fielding! I think that a little lirium returned, also; but all through my torment I kept repeating to myself that I did not want to know who she was, was exhausted. She apparently in- I refused to speculate upon that, except What matter-of-fact, place explanation of her life there might wanted to hold off as long as

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